

shemale MAIL

VOLUME

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A MUTRIX BOOK



shemale *MAIL*

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LETTERS FROM TRANSVESTITES

VOLUME TWO

DEAR EDITOR:

I AM WRITING THIS LETTER TO TELL YOU OF A NOVEL EXPERIMENT I CONDUCTED WHICH MAY BE OF INTEREST TO YOUR READERS. IT INVOLVES MY TWO CHILDREN, ROBERT AND JOAN, ESPECIALLY THE FORMER.

ONE DAY I WAS SEWING IN MY ROOM WHEN JOAN CAME IN AND ASKED, "MOTHER, WERE YOU LOOKING THROUGH MY DRAWERS IN MY BUREAU?"

"OF COURSE NOT, SILLY," I REPLIED. "WHY DO YOU ASK?"

"I FOUND SOME OF MY UNDIES MOVED AROUND, SO I WONDERED WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN LOOKING THROUGH THEM," SHE SAID.

I LOOKED THOUGHTFUL FOR A MOMENT, AS I REALIZED THERE WAS ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON IN THE HOUSE, MY SON ROBERT, THIRTEEN YEARS OLD. "YOU DON'T SUPPOSE" I MUSED IDLY, "BUT NO, OF COURSE NOT. WHAT A SILLY IDEA!"

"WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, MOTHER?" SHE INQUIRED.

"I WAS WONDERING WHAT ROBERT WAS DOING RUMMAGING THROUGH YOUR THINGS," I SAID.

"ROBERT?" SHE SAID. "WHY WOULD HE BE INTERESTED IN MY UNDIES? BUT THEN, WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?"

"WELL, WE MIGHT TRY A LITTLE EXPERIMENT TO FIND OUT FOR SURE," I SAID.

"WHAT KIND OF EXPERIMENT?" SHE ASKED.

"WELL, WHEN ROBERT COMES HOME FROM SCHOOL, LET'S YOU AND I TELL HIM THAT WE ARE GOING DOWNTOWN SHOPPING, THEN SNEAK BACK THROUGH THE BACK DOOR A HALF HOUR LATER."

"YOU MEAN YOU THINK ROBERT ... OH, NO, IT COULDN'T BE HE!" JOAN LAUGHED.

"WE'LL SEE ANYWAY. ALL RIGHT?"

JOAN NODDED EAGER ASSENT.

OUR LITTLE PLAN WENT INTO EFFECT, AND AS SOON AS ROBERT SAW US TRIPPING DOWN THE SIDEWALK, OSTENSIBLY ON OUR WAY DOWNTOWN, HE APPARENTLY LEFT HIS VANTAGE POINT BY THE WINDOW, HURRIED TO HIS ROOM, STRIPPED OFF HIS CLOTHING, THEN MADE HIS WAY TO JOAN'S ROOM, OPENING THE DRAWERS OF HER BUREAU TO FEAST HIS EAGER EYES ON THE CAREFULLY FOLDED PRETTIES.

HIS FINGERS PROBABLY TREMBLED AS HE RAN THEM CARESSINGLY OVER THE SILKEN GARMENTS, BEFORE GOING OVER TO HER CLOSET WHERE HE CRUSHED THE MANY SWEET FROCKS TO HIS BODY, EVERY NERVE IN HIS BODY RESPONDING TO THEIR CARESS, WISHING THAT HE TOO COULD WEAR LOVELY FROCKS AND UNDIES.

BACK AT THE BUREAU, HE SELECTED A PAIR OF SWEETLY FRILLED PANTIES, CAREFULLY NOTING THEIR EXACT POSITION IN THE DRAWER BEFORE HE LIFTED THEM OUT AND STEPPED INTO THEM, DRAWING THEM UP ABOUT HIS TINGLING FLESH.

HE MUST HAVE BEEN SO ENGROSSED IN HIS

PREOCCUPATION WITH THE PANTIES THAT HE FAILED TO HEAR THE SOUND OF OUR FOOTSTEPS IN THE HALLWAY. SUDDENLY HE WAS AWARE OF BEING WATCHED AND, WHIRLING ABOUT, HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH HIS SISTER AND MYSELF.

"I ... I THOUGHT ..." HE MANAGED TO SAY, HIS CHEEKS CRIMSON AND HIS EYES CAREFULLY AVOIDING OURS.

"MOTHER! LOOK!" JOAN SCREECHED, HER EYES FLASHING FIRE. "HE'S WEARING MY VERY BEST PANTIES! ... OH, YOU HORRID BOY, YOU!"

"THERE, THERE, DEAR," I SOOTHED HER. "DON'T FRET. I'LL BUY YOU A NEW PAIR. BUT DON'T YOU THINK THOSE PANTIES ARE VERY BECOMING TO OUR PRETTY ROBERTA?"

"DON'T YOU SAY SUCH THINGS!" ROBERT SHOUTED, THE FULL MEANING OF MY WORDS OBVIOUS TO HIM. HE REACHED DOWN TO REMOVE THE PANTIES, THEN HESITATED AS HE REALIZED THAT HE WAS WEARING NO OTHER GARMENT TO CONCEAL HIS OBVIOUSLY EXCITED MALE SYMBOL. HE WAS ASHAMED TO APPEAR NAKED BEFORE US.

"MOTHER, YOU'VE GOT TO PUNISH HIM,"

JOAN SAID, GETTING MY MEANING EXACTLY.
"I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH IMPUDENCE — COM-
ING TO MY ROOM AND SLIPPING ON A PAIR OF
MY PANTIES."

"WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT LATER, DEAR," I
SAID, SLIPPING MY ARM ABOUT JOAN'S WAIST
AND GENTLY URGING HER FROM THE ROOM.

AS SOON AS WE WERE OUT OF SIGHT, RO-
BERT MUST HAVE FRANTICALLY REMOVED THE
PRETTY PANTIES THEN SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT
HE HAD NO COVERING GARMENT TO WEAR ON THE
WAY BACK TO HIS OWN ROOM.

I SOLVED HIS PROBLEM BY RETURNING TO
JOAN'S ROOM WITH HIS BATHROBE. HE HASTILY
PUT IT ON AND THEN DASHED FOR THE SAFETY
OF HIS ROOM.

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, JOANIE AND I WERE
CLOSETED IN MY ROOM DISCUSSING WHAT WE WOULD
DEVISE AS A PROPER PUNISHMENT FOR HIS MIS-
DEEDS.

JOAN HAD AN IDEA. "I THINK WE SHOULD
BUY HIM A COMPLETE SET OF LITTLE-GIRL FRIL-
LIES, THEN TAKE HIM OUT SHOPPING, SO EVERY-
BODY COULD SEE HIS SHAME."



"PERHAPS, DEAR," I REPLIED. "BUT I THINK I HAVE AN EVEN BETTER IDEA." I GAVE HER A KNOWING SMILE.

"YES, MOTHER?" JOAN INQUIRED BREATHLESSLY.

"I PREFER TO HAVE A SWEET LITTLE 'SISSY' COSTUME MADE UP FOR HIM AND HAVE HIM ENTERTAIN SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS AT A TEA PARTY."

JOAN CLAPPED HER HANDS EXCITEDLY. "OH, MOTHER, WHAT A PERFECTLY CUTE IDEA!"

FOR THE NEXT HOUR, WE DISCUSSED APPROPRIATE GARMENTS FOR ROBERT TO WEAR FOR THE OCCASION. LITTLE DID ROBERT KNOW OF OUR PLANS, FOR HE WAS BUSY CONGRATULATING HIMSELF FOR ESCAPING FROM HIS PREDICAMENT, SINCE NOTHING FURTHER WAS SAID TO HIM ABOUT THE EPISODE THEN OR FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL DAYS.

A FEW DAYS LATER WHEN HE RETURNED FROM SCHOOL, I SUMMONED HIM TO MY ROOM, SO AS TO SHOW HIM AN ARRAY OF WHITE CARDBOARD BOXES TIED WITH PINK RIBBONS. THEY WERE FROM THE BEST SHOPPES IN TOWN.

WHEN HE REALIZED THE GOODIES INSIDE WERE INTENDED FOR HIM, HE BEGAN TO PROTEST VEHEMENTLY, BUT I REMAINED ADAMANT, INSISTING THAT HE OPEN EACH BOX.

WITH TREMBLING FINGERS ROBERT UNDOED THE RIBBON FASTENINGS, AND AS HE OPENED THE BOXES, HE BECAME MORE AND MORE DISCONSOLATE — OR SO HE APPEARED. I KNEW THAT HE WAS SECRETLY THRILLED BY THEIR CONTENTS. THERE WERE A GIRL'S PINK SILK VEST TRIMMED WITH CUTE LACE; A PAIR OF PINK SILK TAFFETA KNICKERS DRIPPING WITH LACE AND RIBBONS; WHITE ANKLE SOCKS; A PAIR OF GIRL'S BLACK PATENT LEATHER DANCING SLIPPERS; A LUSCIOUSLY FRILLED WHITE SATIN BLOUSE WITH FLOWING SLEEVES, DAINTILY LACE-RUFFLED WRISTS, AND LACE RUFFLING DOWN THE FRONT; A PAIR OF ULTRA-SHORT BLACK VELVET SHORTS; A MATCHING BLACK VELVET BOLERO JACKET; AND A WIDE WHITE SATIN SASH.

AS ROBERT LIFTED THE FINAL GARMENT FROM ITS BOX, TEARS OF INDIGNANTION STREAMING DOWN HIS CHEEKS, HE WHISPERED, "MOTHER! YOU WOULDN'T MAKE ME WEAR THESE THINGS!"

"WHY, DARLING, YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL YOU ADORE PRETTY THINGS, AND YOU'LL LOOK SO SWEET IN THIS PRETTY COSTUME."

"BUT I WON'T!" HE WEPT.

"NEVERTHELESS, YOU WILL START REMOVING YOUR CLOTHES THIS INSTANT! I WISH TO SEE JUST HOW SWEET YOU WILL LOOK IN THESE PRETTIES," I SAID FIRMLY.

HIS PLEAS FELL ON DEAF EARS. WITH MY HELP, HE SLOWLY DONNED EACH OF THE GARMENTS, LITTLE SPASMS OF EXCITEMENT CREEPING OVER HIS PERSON IN SPITE OF HIMSELF. ONCE HE WAS DRESSED, I LED HIM OVER TO MY VANITY TABLE, WHERE I PRETTIED HIS FACE WITH COSMETICS, ARRANGING HIS LONGISH HAIR IN CUTE RINGLETS. AS A FINAL FLAIR, I CLASPED A PAIR OF LONG DANGLING EARRINGS TO HIS LOBES AND FITTED A CUTE LITTLE HAT OF ARTIFICIAL ROSES TO HIS CURLS.

THEN I STOOD OFF TO EXAMINE MY HANDIWORK. "OH, MY ADORABLE LITTLE DOLL!" I EXULTED, TAKING HIM IN MY ARMS AND HUGGING HIM.

"OH, PLEASE, MOTHER! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME WEAR THESE THINGS!" HE PLEADED. BUT I NOTICED THAT THERE WAS LESS CONVICTION IN HIS VOICE NOW, AS IF DEEP DOWN, HE REALLY LOVED HIS FRILLY CLOTHES.

WHEN JOAN CAME IN AND SPIED HIM, SHE SHARED MY DELIGHT WITH HIS CHANGEOVER, ALTHOUGH SHE CAREFULLY AVOIDED MENTIONING THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH THE ENSEMBLE WAS DESIGNED. HE SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY IN HIS FRILLY OUTFIT, AND THAT NIGHT HE WAS OBLIGED TO SLEEP IN A CUTE SET OF BABY DOLL PAJAMAS I HAD PURCHASED FOR HIM.

THE AFTERNOON OF THE PARTY, I AGAIN DRESSED HIM IN THE CUTE SISSY ENSEMBLE, THIS TIME WITH NO PROTESTS FROM ROBERT. I MADE HIM TURN THIS WAY AND THAT TO MAKE SURE NOTHING WAS AMISS, AND THEN MADE HIS FACE UP PRETTILY AND COIFFED HIS HAIR ONCE MORE.

JOAN CAME IN SOON AND EXCLAIMED HOW SWEET HE LOOKED, AND HE ACTUALLY SMILED AT THE COMPLIMENT! WHILE I FUSSED WITH THE LACE FRILLS ON HIS LONG PANTIES WHICH THE SHORTS FAILED TO HIDE, HIS SISTER TOYED WITH THE BOW OF HIS SASH, COMMENTING ON HOW BECOMING IT WAS TO HIM.

A CHANGE HAD COME OVER HIM, AS IF HE NO LONGER WISHED TO CONCEAL THE DELIGHT HE EXPERIENCED IN WEARING THE DAINTY FRILLS.

"OH, MOTHER," JOAN GUSHED. "WON'T THE GIRLS BE THRILLED TO SEE ROBERTA SO PRETTILY DRESSED?"

"GIRLS!" ROBERT CRIED IN CONSTERNATION. "WHAT GIRLS?"

"YES, DEAR. YOUR SISTER HAS INVITED SEVERAL OF HER CLOSE FRIENDS OVER FOR TEA, SO THAT THEY CAN SEE WHAT A DARLING LITTLE SISSY BOY YOU ARE."

"OH, NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME. I'LL SIMPLY DIE OF SHAME," HE CRIED IN DISMAY.

BUT I WAS ADAMANT, AND WHEN THE GIRLS HAD ASSEMBLED, A TEARFUL ROBERT WAS LED DOWN TO THE LIVING ROOM TO CONFRONT THEM. FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS SILENCE, THEN A BURST OF SHRILL CRIES ECHOED THROUGH THE ROOM.

FRANTICALLY ROBERT ATTEMPTED TO PUSH AWAY THE GIRLS WHO PRESSED FORWARD TO SURROUND HIM, TO WARD OFF THE CURIOUS HANDS WHICH WERE BENT ON TOYING WITH THE LACE OF HIS KNICKERS, THE FRILLS OF HIS BLOUSE, HIS SASH, AND EVEN HIS HAIR.



ROBERT WAS HUGGED AND KISSED AND PET-
TED UNTIL HE WAS ALMOST BESIDE HIMSELF WITH
MISERY. I FINALLY RESCUED HIM FROM A GROUP
OF GIRLS WHO WANTED TO PARADE HIM OUTSIDE.
THERE WOULD BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT WHEN
I BOUGHT HIM A COMPLETE WARDROBE OF DRESSES,
PETTICOATS, PANTIES, AND THE LIKE.

I SET THE PRETTIFIED ROBERT TO ACTING
AS HOSTESS FOR THE PARTY, SERVING THE TEA
AND CAKES AND CURTSEYING PRETTILY TO EACH
GUEST. AS THE PARTY PROGRESSED, THE NOVEL-
TY BEGAN WEARING OFF, THE TEASING STOPPED,
AND THE GIRLS BEGAN ACCEPTING HIS COSTUMED
PRESENCE AS IF HE WERE ANOTHER GIRL.

THIS CHEERED HIM UP IMMENSELY, I COULD
SEE, AND BY THE TIME THE PARTY DREW TO A
CLOSE, HE WAS REALLY ENJOYING HIMSELF. HIS
EMBARRASSMENT LOST IN THE SWISH AND TINGLE
OF RUFFLED TAFFETA PANTIES.

AS A REWARD FOR HIS GOOD BEHAVIOR, I
BOUGHT HIM THAT WARDROBE OF DAINTILY FEMI-
NINE CLOTHES, AND NOW, ON REGULAR OCCASIONS,
I HAVE TWO DAUGHTERS TO DELIGHT ME.

— MRS. N.G., CONNECTICUT

DEAR EDITOR:

MANY OF YOUR STORIES AND ARTICLES SEEM TO EMPHASIZE THE DEEPLY REWARDING EMOTIONAL THRILLS WHICH MAY BE OBTAINED FROM WEARING DRESSES AND SKIRTS AND TYPICAL FEMININE ATTIRE ON THE PART OF MEN. MY INTERESTS ARE ALONG THIS GENERAL DIRECTION, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO EXPLAIN THAT I THINK YOU WILL FIND THAT MANY OF YOUR READERS ARE ERRONEOUSLY USING THE SYMBOL, THE EXTERNALS OF THE REAL THING IN PURSUING THEIR HOBBY OF TRANSVESTISM.

A LUXURIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL SILK OR SATIN DRESS MAY BE WONDERFULLY THRILLING TO WEAR IF ONE IS A MAN AND A TRANSVESTITE, BUT IT IS THE GARMENTS WHICH HE MAY WEAR UNDER THE DRESS WHICH REALLY GIVES HIM THE THRILLS HE IS SEEKING. I REFER, OF COURSE, TO CORSETS, WAISTCINCHERS, GIRDLES, GARTERBELTS, FRILLY PANTIES, PETTICOATS, BRASSIERES, SHEER NYLON OR SILK HOSE, AND HIGH-HEELED FOOTWEAR OF ONE KIND OR ANOTHER.

IN ADDITION TO THE BASIC IDEA OF WISHING TO IMPERSONATE OR IMITATE THE FEMALE SEX, THERE IS ANOTHER FACTOR THAT IS EVEN MORE UNUSUAL FOR A MAN. I REFER

TO THE FACT THAT FEMALE UNDERGARMENTS ARE ALMOST ALWAYS WORN TIGHTLY WHILE MALE UNDERWEAR IS USUALLY LOOSE. THIS FUNDAMENTAL DISTINCTION MAY VERY WELL BE AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE ENJOYMENT OF FEMALE UNDIES BY MEN. I KNOW THAT IT IS IN MY PARTICULAR CASE.

MY FAVORITE COSTUME IS ONE THAT I AM LIKELY TO WEAR MOST OF THE TIME WHEN I AM HOME — AND OFTEN WHEN I GO OUT EVENINGS AND WEEKENDS. I HAVE WORN IT TO MY OFFICE ONCE OR TWICE, BUT I HAD THE FEELING THAT SUCH A PRACTICE LEAVES ME OPEN TO THE POTENTIAL DANGER OF DISCOVERY BY MY EMPLOYERS, FELLOW EMPLOYEES, OR OTHER UNSYMPATHETIC INDIVIDUALS. AS ALL TRANSVESTITES KNOW, THIS CAN BE VERY SERIOUS FOR A TV IN A WORLD HOSTILE TO CROSS-DRESSERS AND LEAD TO LOSS OF JOB, PUBLIC HUMILIATION — AS OPPOSED TO PRIVATE HUMILIATION WHICH MANY OF US ENJOY — AS WELL AS SOCIAL OSTRACISM.

BUT TO GET BACK TO MY FAVORITE COSTUME IT CONSISTS OF A FULL-LENGTH FOUNDATION GARMENT WHICH I BOUGHT BY MAIL A YEAR OR TWO AGO FROM ONE OF THE LARGE MAIL-ORDER HOUSES. THE ONE I ORDERED IS EXTREMELY TIGHT ON ME, ESPECIALLY IN THE

AREA OF MY MALE SYMBOL. THIS GARMENT ENCASES ME TIGHTLY FROM ABOUT HALF-WAY DOWN MY THIGHS TO RIGHT UP UNDER MY SHOULDERS. THE ADJUSTMENTS ARE MADE BY MEANS OF LACINGS, BUT ONCE THEY ARE SET, THE WEARER CAN PUT IT ON BY MEANS OF A VERTICAL ROW OF HOOKS DOWN THE FRONT. AS IT BECOMES LESS CONSTRICTING OWING TO CHANGES IN THE FIGURE, I CAN ADJUST THE LACINGS WHEN THE GARMENT IS OFF AND THUS BE ASSURED OF A SNUG FIT THE NEXT TIME I WEAR IT.

I HAVE PERMANENTLY INSERTED AND FASTENED PADDING INTO THE BODICE OF THE GARMENT SO IT GIVES THE APPEARANCE OF A NORMAL FEMALE BOSOM. AS A RESULT, IT REALLY HOLDS ME AND SUPPORTS ME WITH DELICIOUS FIRMNESS AND SNUGNESS FROM MID-THIGH TO SHOULDERS. IT FORCES ME TO WALK WITH TINY HAMPERED STEPS AND MAKES BENDING OVER AND SITTING VERY DIFFICULT. MY HIPS, WAIST, BELLY, BUTTOCKS, THIGHS, AND CHEST ARE ALL COMPRESSED AND FEEL SO WONDERFULLY SAFE. I FEEL SO SECURE AND SAFE FROM ANY INTRUSION OR DESECRATION OR DEFILEMENT, AND THE GARMENT HUGS AND CARESSES ME ALL OVER.

A PSYCHIATRIST MIGHT CLAIM THAT IT IS

SYMBOLIC OF A KIND OF RETREAT INTO THE WARM FIRM PROTECTION OF THE WOMB, BUT, WHATEVER IT MEANS, I FIND THAT THE CON- STRICTING AND RESTRICTING SENSATIONS OF TRANSVESTISM, AS I PRACTICE IT, ARE THE BEST PART.

ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS I SOMETIMES ADD TO THE COSTUME SO THAT MY ARMS AND LEGS ARE ALSO COMPRESSED AND INCLUDED IN THE FIRM LOVING PROTECTIVE CARESSES. AT GREAT EXPENSE I OBTAINED A PAIR OF THIGH-LENGTH LACED LEATHER BOOTS WITH FIVE-INCH HEELS. TO PUT THESE ON PRO- PERLY — LEATHER COMPLETELY SMOOTH AND LACES UNIFORMLY SNUG — TAKES ABOUT A HALF AN HOUR. TO STAND AND WALK IN THESE IS DIFFICULT, BUT THE UNUSUAL SEN- SATIONS OF STRESS AND STRAIN ON MY HIPS FROM THE UNACCUSTOMED HEELS IS SPECIALLY THRILLING.

THE GARTERSNAPS AT THE BOTTOM OF MY LONG FOUNDATION GARMENT ARE ATTACHED TO THE TOP OF THESE HIGH BOOTS SO THAT I AM ARMORED FROM TOES TO CHEST. EACH MOTION ON MY PART GIVES ME TIGHT, WARM, AND UN- YIELDING CARESSES WHICH ARE THE ULTIMATE IN EROTIC EXCITEMENT OFTEN STIMULATING ME TO THE POINT OF NEAR-ORGASM.



THE FINAL ADJUNCT TO THIS COSTUME ARE SOME THIN BUT FIRM SHOULDER-LENGTH GLOVES OF THE FINEST KID LEATHER WHICH I SLOWLY DRAW UP MY ARMS. WHEN IN PLACE THEY PROVIDE THE SAME EXCITING TIGHTNESS FROM FINGERTIPS TO SHOULDERS. THUS MOST OF MY BODY IS TIGHTLY AND SECURELY BOUND AND PROTECTED AND EVERY MOVEMENT, OR ATTEMPTED MOVEMENT, SENDS THRILLING WAVES OF SWEET SENSATION COURSING THROUGH ME.

SOMETIMES I DREAM OF FINDING A SYMPATHETIC AND TRUSTWORTHY FRIEND WITH WHOM I MIGHT SHARE MY BIZARRE HOBBY, FOR THEN WE COULD DEVELOP SOME EXOTIC GARMENT WHICH COULD WARMLY ENCASE MY SHOULDERS, NECK, AND HEAD. I COULD THEN HAVE THE ULTIMATE ECSTASY OF FEELING AS IF BURIED ALIVE IN COMPRESSING CLOTHES. IF I COULD ONLY BREATHE JUST ENOUGH TO STAY ALIVE, I'D BE EXPERIENCING THE EXQUISITELY THRILLING SENSATIONS FROM EVERY NERVE IN MY EXCITED, THROBBING BODY.

TO CONCLUDE, LET ME REPEAT THAT THE EXTERNAL FEMININE APPEARANCE FOR MY OF US TVS IS OF MINOR IMPORTANCE.

— W.T.G., CLEVELAND

BB

DEAR EDITOR: -

IN THE STORIES AND COMMUNICATIONS TO YOUR ESTIMABLE PUBLICATIONS, I HAVE NOTICED A TENDENCY ON THE PART OF THE WRITERS-IN TO CLAIM THAT A TRANSVESTITE CAN ACHIEVE PERFECTION IN HIS SPECIALIZED WAY OF LIFE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. THIS IS SIMPLY NOT TRUE.

TO BECOME ADEPT AND PRACTICED AND PROPERLY SHAPED TO WEAR FEMALE CLOTHING PERFECTLY TAKES A GOOD DEAL OF TIME AND EFFORT ON THE PART OF ANY TRANSVESTITE.

I HAVE SEEN CLAIMS THAT A MAN CAN LEARN IN ONLY A FEW WEEKS TO BE A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR JUST BECAUSE HE OBTAINS A PADDED BRASSIERE AND OTHER ARTICLES OF FEMALE CLOTHING.

I FREELY ADMIT THAT A MAN WHO IS INCLINED IN THIS DIRECTION CAN IMMEDIATELY BEGIN ENJOYING THE SENSUAL SATISFACTIONS OF SOFT, TIGHT GARMENTS, LOVELY SOFT, COLORFUL, AND THRILLING FABRICS, AND EXCITING HIGH HEELS.

BUT BECOMING AN EFFECTIVE FEMALE IMPERSONATOR MAY TAKE A YEAR OR MORE OF WORK.

IT IS NEARLY FIVE YEARS SINCE I DISCOVERED THE EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL SATISFACTIONS THAT MAY BE EXPERIENCED BY THE WEARING OF FEMININE GARMENTS. DAINTY TIGHT UNDERWEAR, TAUT NYLON STOCKINGS, JEWELRY AND MAKEUP, AND THE PARTICULARLY UNIQUE THRILLS OF TEETERING ON HIGH HEELS — ALL THESE WERE SOON PARTS OF MY LIFE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

BUT THEN I GOT DOWN TO WORK AT PERFECTING MYCHANGED MODE OF DRESSING, AND IT TOOK GREAT SKILL, EGFORT, AND CONCENTRATION. NOT TO MENTION MONEY.

EVEN AS A YOUNGSTER I ALWAYS HAD A REASONABLY STOCKY BODY WITH PLENTY OF FLESH ON BY BOYISH BONES. THIS WAS TRUE WHEN I BECAME AN ADULT, AND TO CHANGE MY PHYSIQUE INTO A SEDUCTIVELY FEMININE CONFORMATION HAS BEEN THE GOAL WHICH I CAN PROUDLY SAY THAT I HAVE NOW FINALLY ACHIEVED.

I STARTED OUT BY OBTAINING AND CONTINUOUSLY WEARING AN ADJUSTABLE WAIST-CINCHER, EVEN UNDER MY MALE ATTIRE. IN THE COURSE OF A FEW MONTHS OF RELENTLESS TIGHTENING, DAY BY DAY, I REDUCED THIS AREA OF MY BODY FROM A DUMPY, MASCULINE

THIRTY-FIVE INCHES TO A SLIM AND DELIGHTFULLY FEMININE TWENTY-SIX INCHES.

AT FIRST I TRIED DIETING TO HELP THE SLIMMING PROCESS ALONG, BUT I SOON FOUND THAT TOO MUCH RESTRICTION OF MY FOOD INTAKE HAD THE UNFORTUNATE EFFECT OF SLIMMING ME ALL OVER, AND THIS I DID NOT WANT, FOR I WANTED TO KEEP THE AMPLE FLESH OF MY CHEST FOR MY PURPOSES. SO I RESUMED EATING A NORMAL DIET, BUT KEPT SNUGGING IN THE WAIST-CINCHER ALMOST DAILY.

I KEEP MY LEG- AND BODY-HAIR REMOVED WITH RAZOR AND DEPILATORY CREAMS AND EVEN WAXES, AND I WEAR HIGH-HEELS AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE TO ACCENTUATE THE TAPERING LENGTH OF MY LEGS IN FEMININE CONTOURS AS WELL AS TO GIVE MY HIPS A SEDUCTIVE SWINGING MOTION AS I WALK.

THE HIGH HEELS ALSO TEND TO THRUST MY BUTTOCKS OUT PERTLY, AND THIS IS WONDERFUL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY THE INCREASED FULLNESS OF MY BOSOM AREA CAUSED BY MY NATURAL PLUMPNESS AND THE TIGHT-CINCHING. MY HIPS AND BUTTOCKS NOW HAVE A SMOOTHLY CURVING PROMINENCE WHICH I FIND EXCEEDINGLY ATTRACTIVE AND THE EQUAL OF THE MOST GLAMOROUS GIRLS.

WHEN DRESSING IN FROCKS AND OTHER FEMININE OUTER CLOTHING, I BEGAN WEARING A PADDED BRASSIERE TO ACHIEVE THE DESIRED FULL BOSOM CONTOURS. BUT I DISCOVERED THAT MY FULL DIET, LACK OF EXERCISE, AND A STIMULATING HORMONE OINTMENT APPLIED TO MY BREASTS GRADUALLY RESULTED IN A MOST DELIGHTFUL AND SATISFYING DEVELOPMENT OF FIRMLY SOFT FLESH ON MY PECTORAL AREAS.

MASSAGE ALSO STIMULATED THE TISSUES THERE IN A MOST REWARDING WAY. AND THE USE OF TIGHTLY LACED CORSETTING ALSO IS A HELP IN SIMULATING A BOSOM WITHOUT THE NEED OF PADDING.

I HAVE ALLOWED MY HAIR TO GROW AS LONG AS I DARE. FORTUNATELY, TODAY'S MALE HAIR STYLES ARE A GREAT BOON TO THE TRANSVESTITE IF HE HAS THE COURAGE TO ASSUME THEM.. BY KEEPING MY HAIR WAVED SUBTLY I HAVE ACHIEVED A BOYISHLY FEMINIE OR GAMIN APPEARANCE EVEN WHEN NOT WEARING MY WIG.

I HAVE HAD MY EARS PIERCED SO THAT I CAN SUPPORT LONG GLAMOROUS PENDANT EARRINGS AND HAVE BECOME QUITE ADEPT AT APPLYING COSMETICS IN A DECEPTIVE MANNER.



BEARD IS NO LONGER A PROBLEM, FOR I HAD THE COURAGE AND THE FINANCIAL RESOURCES TO ENDURE TWO YEARS OF TEDIOUS, PAINFUL ELECTROLYSIS. BUT IT IS WORTHWHILE NOW THAT I CAN PRESENT A TOTALLY FEMININE APPEARANCE WITH A MINIMUM OF MAKEUP.

NO MATTER WHAT I WEAR AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT BY WAY OF GAY, FRILLY, AND DELIGHTFULLY LACY AND FEMININE PANTIES, I ALWAYS WEAR A SMALL, VERY TIGHT SET OF LASTEX BIKINI BRIEFS AS A MEANS OF KEEPING SECRET THE BASIC MASCULINITY OF MY BODY AND HIDING MY FREQUENTLY SWELLING MALE SYMBOL AS IT IS TITILLATED CONSTANTLY BY MY FEMININE ATTIRE. OVER THIS I CAN WEAR THRILLINGLY SHEER AND FEMININE PANTIES OR ANY TYPE OF GIRDLE OR FOUNDATION GARMENT I WISH WITHOUT REVEALING MY MALENESS.

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF HARD WORK AT ADOPTING MY BODY TO THE FEMININE MODE OF LIFE, I CAN SAY THAT I HAVE TRULY ACHIEVED THE LEVEL OF PERFECTION WHICH I WAS SEEKING, ALTHOUGH I CONTINUE TO TRY TO MAKE SUBTLE IMPROVEMENTS DAY BY DAY.

THE LAST TIME I WENT OUT TO A COSTUME

PARTY I WAS TRULY EXCITED BY MY FEMININE APPEARANCE, WHICH HAD BEEN ACHIEVED AFTER HOURS OF WORK AND YEARS OF PRACTICE.

OVER MY TINY ELASTIC CACHE-SEX, I WORE SNUG WHITE NYLON PANTIES LAVISHLY TRIMMED WITH LACE AND FRILLS. MY WAIST HAS BEEN SO BROUGHT IN BY MY DILIGENT TIGHT-LACING TRAINING THAT I NEEDED TO WEAR ONLY A LIGHT GARTERBELT OF BLACK SATIN-LACE TO HOLD MY SHEER HOSE TAUTLY ALONG MY SMOOTH CURVACEOUS LEGS.

I WORE A PETTICOAT THAT WAS A MASS OF RUFFLES AND VERY BOUFFANT IN STYLE SO AS TO HOLD OUT THE WIDELY FLARING SKIRT OF MY PARTY DRESS. ON MY SMOOTH HAIRLESS CHEST I WAS WEARING A SIZE THIRTY-SIX-B BRASSIERE THAT NEEDED NO PADDING, FOR MY BOSOM DEVELOPMENT SUCCEEDED IN FILLING IT BEAUTIFULLY. THE TIGHTNESS OF THE BRASSIERE MANAGED TO CREATE A BELIEVABLE AMOUNT OF DELICIOUS CLEAVAGE.

MY DRESS WAS OF A PALE-GREEN CHIFFON WITH AN ALARMINGLY LOW NECKLINE AND WIDE LACY SKIRT. THE COLOR CONTRASTED NICELY WITH THE REDDISH BLONDE COIFFURE — NOT A WIG BUT MY OWN HAIR — I HAD ACHIEVED.

MY LONG HEAVY EARRINGS COMBINED WITH MY EXQUISITE MAKEUP, INCLUDING LONG DARK LASHES, AND MY TASTEFUL SIMPLE PEAR NECKLACE AND CHARM BRACELET TO CREATE SINGULAR BEAUTY.

MY FEET WERE SHOD IN GREEN PARTY PUMPS WHICH MATCHED MY EXQUISITE DRESS AND HAD HEELS MEASURING FOUR AND A HALF INCHES IN HEIGHT.

ALL IN ALL, I WAS REALLY THE MOST EXCITINGLY ATTRACTIVE PERSON AT THE PARTY, EVEN IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF. ALL MY FRIENDS REMARKED ON MY LOVELY APPEARANCE AND COMPLIMENTED ME ON THE EXTENT AND REALISM OF MY TRANSFORMATION FROM A DUMPY MAN TO A CHARMINGLY CONTOURED GIRL.

NATURALLY, I WAS BESIEGED WITH OFFERS TO DANCE TO THE VARYING AND EXCITING MUSIC OF THE ORCHESTRA, BUT THE PERSON I DANCED WITH THE MOST WAS A HANDSOME, TALL INDIVIDUAL DRESSED AS A CABALLERO — BUT IN REALITY A GIRL WHO LOVED TO DRESS AS A MAN AND GO TO BALLS FREQUENTED BY TRANSVESTITES.

SHE HELD ME THROBBINGLY CLOSE TO HER EXCITINGLY SLIM BODY AS WE WHIRLED ABOUT THE FLOOR, DANCE AFTER DANCE. THEN, WHEN WE WERE

BOTH FEELING A LITTLE BREATHLESS FROM THE ARDUOUS DANCING, SHE ESCORTED ME TO THE LOVELY TERRACE OUTSIDE, BEYOND WHICH WAS A PARK-LIKE GARDEN WITH SECLUDED PATHS AND HIDDEN BENCHES.

"SHALL WE WALK IN THE GARDEN, MY PRETTY ONE?" SHE SAID TO ME.

I HASTILY ASSENTED, FOR IT WAS A PLEASANTLY WARM, MOONLIT NIGHT, WITH ROMANCE WAFTING ALONG ROSE-SCENTED AIR. OTHER TRANSVESTITES AND THEIR PARTNERS WERE ALSO STROLLING THE GARDEN, AND MY CABLLERO AND I FOUND A PROPERLY PRIVATE SPOT TO SIT AND CHAT.

SHE TOOK MY FEMINIZED BODY IN HER SURPRISINGLY STRONG ARMS AND PRESSED HER SWEET LIPS TO MY ROUGED ONES, OUR TONGUES INTERTWINING IN A LONG BREATHLESS KISS.

HER HANDS WERE SOON ROAMING ABOUT MY BOSOM CARESSINGLY, TWEAKING THE POUTING NIPPLES. SHE EXPRESSED SURPRISE AT HOW REAL MY BREASTS WERE AND WONDERED WOMENTARILY IF I WERE NOT TRULY A GIRL.

BUT HER OTHER HAND WAS WORKING ITS DELICIOUS WAY UP MY SATINY THIGHS, PAST

MY DAINTY STOCKING TOPS, TINGLINGLY ACROSS THE BRIEF EXPANSE OF WHITE FLESH ON MY THIGHS. SOON I COULD FEEL IT FORAGING AROUND IN MY LACY PANTIES SEARCHING FOR WHATEVER IT MAY HAPPEN TO FIND. THEN IT WAS GRASPING AND CARESSING THE IMPRISONED FLESH OF MY TURGID PENIS STRAINING AGAINST THE FILMY LASTEX OF MY CACHE-SEX.

THERE WAS NO DOUBT IN HER MIND ANY LONGER AS TO MY TRUE GENDER, FOR THE EVIDENCE WAS NOW IN HAND.

AT MY CABALLERO'S BIDDING, I LIFTED MY VOLUMINOUS SKIRTS ABOUT THE WAIST, BEING CAREFUL NOT TO RUMPLE THEM, AND SAT BACK ON THE BENCH WITH MY SILK-STOCKINGED LEGS SPREAD SLIGHTLY APART. SHE DOFFED HER WIDE-BRIMMED HAT AND KNELT BETWEEN MY OPEN THIGHS. I COULD FEEL HER HOT PANTING BREATH ON MY BELLY AS SHE SLID THE LASTEX GARMENT AND THE PANTIES DOWN TO WHERE SHE COULD HAVE FULL ACCESS TO MY FRENZIEDLY SWELLING SYMBOL.

WITH A LOW MOAN IN HER THROAT, SHE BURIED HER FACE IN MY PUBIS AND GRASPED THE IRON-HARD FLESH BETWEEN HER SOFT LIPS.



SHE ALTERNATELY KISSED AND SUCKED THE ORGAN UNTIL IT WAS DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO A VIOLENT ERUPTION, THEN EASED OFF UNTIL THE DANGER WAS PAST FOR THE MOMENT. AT LAST, WHEN I THOUGHT I COULD STAND NOT A SECOND MORE OF HER TANTALIZING, SHE TOOK THE RAMPANT SYMBOL DEEP IN HER MOUTH AND NIBBLED LIGHTLY ON ITS BASE.

THE RESULTING EXPLOSION OF SCINTILLATING ECSTASY WAS THE GREATEST I HAD EVER EXPERIENCED. SHE KEPT ON SUCKING AND KNEADING HER CAPTIVE UNTIL EVERY DROP WAS SPENT AND I LAY BACK WEAKLY IN A LASSITUDE OF SPENT EMOTIONS.

AFTER WE WENT BACK TO THE BALL, WE DIDN'T STAY ANY LONGER THAN WAS NECESSARY TO SAY OUR GOODBYES TO THE OTHER GUESTS AND THANK THE HOSTESS (A WEALTHY TRANSVESTITES WHO SPONSORED MANY COSTUME PARTIES). THEN WE WENT TO MY APARTMENT WHERE WE SPENT THE NIGHT IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, TASTING THE FRUITS OF PASSION.

MY CABALLERO NEVER DID GO HOME, EXCEPT TO PACK HER APARTMENT UP AND MOVE INTO MINE. AFTER A FEW MONTHS OF LIVING TOGETHER IN PEACE, HARMONY, AND HAPPY FULFILLMENT, WE WERE MARRIED AT OUR RICH TV FRIEND'S HOME

BY AN UNDERSTANDING MINISTER WHO HAD PERFORMED A NUMBER OF REVERSED-ROLE WEDDINGS AMONG MY TV FRIENDS.

MY HANDSOME "GROOM" WAS DRESSED IN A MORNING COAT AND STRIPED TROUSERS AND WAS BOTH HANDSOME AND BEAUTIFUL AT THE SAME TIME, IF THAT'S POSSIBLE. I WAS ATTIRED IN AN IVORY BROCADE WEDDING GOWN WITH A FROTHY VEIL AND, UNDERNEATH, THE LACIEST OF LINGERIE, INCLUDING TWO BLUE-LACE GARTERS.

MY WIFE HAS NOW TAKEN OVER THE JOB OF EARNING OUR LIVING, HAVING TAKEN A GOOD JOB IN AN ALL-FEMALE ADVERTISING AGENCY AS AN ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE. I STAY HOME NOW, KEEPING THE HOUSE NEAT AND COMFORTABLE FOR US BOTH, FLITTING ABOUT IN MY FRILLY CLOTHES, DOING THE SHOPPING AND OTHER ERRANDS IN PRETTY DRESSES, AND LIVING A WONDERFUL LIFE.

SO, YOU SEE THAT IF YOU ARE WILLING TO WORK HARD AND SACRIFICE FOR IT, TRANSVESTISM CAN BECOME MUCH MORE THAN MERELY THE OCCASIONAL WEARING OF FEMALE CLOTHES.

— E.S.M., NEW ORLEANS

88

DEAR EDITOR:

SINCE YOUR WONDERFUL PUBLICATIONS DEVOTE THEMSELVES TO THE SUBJECT OF CROSS-DRESSING AND ALL ITS DELIGHTFUL RAMIFICATIONS, I WOULD LIKE TO REGALE YOU AND YOUR READERS WITH THE STORY OF HOW I WAS INTRODUCED TO THE JOYS OF TRANSVESTISM.

I WAS SPENDING THE SUMMER VACATION BETWEEN COLLEGE TERMS WITH MY AUNT THERESE, IN MONTREAL, CANADA, THE CENTER OF FRENCH CULTURE IN NORTH AMERICA IN MORE WAYS THAN THE CONVENTIONAL ONES OF LANGUAGE AND ANCESTRY.

THERESE WAS MY MOTHER'S SISTER, A ZESTY JUNOESQUE WOMAN OF FORTY YEARS AND ENDOWED WITH THE MOST FABULOUS FIGURE I HAVE EVER SEEN, COMPLETE WITH A FORTY-INCH BUST.

I HAD NOT HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF BEING WITH MY AUNT VERY OFTEN UNTIL THIS FATEFUL SUMMER, THEN SHE DECIDED I WOULD SPEND IT WITH HER. THROUGHOUT MY YOUNG LIFE TO THAT POINT, I HAD NEVER BEEN ABLE TO BE IN HER PRESENCE WITHOUT GIVING INTO TO FURIOUS FITS OF BLUSHING.

FOR MORE THAN A WEEK NOW, I HAD BEEN OCCUPYING A ROOM IN THERESE'S LAVISH APARTMENT ADJACENT TO HER OWN. MY CONFUSION WAS INCREASING AS EVERY EVENING, AS I RESTED ON MY BED, THERESE WOULD INVADE MY ROOM CLAD IN A DIAPHANOUS NEGLIGEE, OSTENSIBLY TO ENQUIRE ABOUT MY WELL-BEING. SHE WOULD THEN ADJOURN TO HER QUARTERS AND ALWAYS LEAVE HER DOOR AJAR.

HER DOOR WAS AT AN ANGLE TO MINE AND I COULD SEE INTO HER ROOM WITH ONLY A LITTLE CRANING OF MY NECK. SHE WAS AWARE OF MY CURIOSITY, OF COURSE, AND SHE WOULD DOFF HER FLIMSY NEGLIGEE AND REVEAL HER NEARLY NUDE BODY IN FILMY, TRANSPARENT BABY-DOLL PAJAMAS OR LACY GOWN, BEFORE SLIPPING SEDUCTIVELY BETWEEN THE SILK SHEETS OF HER HUGE BED.

HOW I YEARNED TO JOIN HER IN HER DAINTY BOWER! I WAS UTTERLY UNDER HER SPELL. IN THE SECRET PART OF MY MIND, I WAS WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO BECOME MORE INTIMATE WITH THERESE.

AT LAST, IT WAS THERESE HERSELF WHO CREATED THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY FOR ME TO REALIZE MY HEART'S DESIRE.

WALKING INTO MY ROOM AFTER MIDNIGHT AS USUAL, THERESE, MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER, SAID TO ME, "ROGER! YOU ARE A VERY NAUGHT YOUNG MAN. I HAVE NOTICED HOW YOU PEEP AND WATCH ME GO TO BED EVERY NIGHT!"

I TRIED TO PROTEST, BUT IT WAS TO NO AVAIL AND I KNEW IT.

"YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! IF YOU WERE A GIRL, AUNTY WOULD NOT MIND." SHE LOOKED AT ME SPECULATIVELY, AND I WAS UNABLE TO PREVENT MYSELF FROM BLUSHING.

"SO IF THIS IS TO CONTINUE, YOU WILL SIMPLY HAVE TO DRESS LIKE GIRL. ONLY THEN WILL AUNTY ACCEPT YOU AS A COMPANION AND A CONFIDANTE. YOU MAY THEN BE NAUGHTY BUT AUNTY WILL UNDERSTAND."

HER SUGGESTION STRUCK A RESPONSIVE CORD DEEP WITHIN MY BEING. I KNEW THAT I WAS FASCINATED ALMOST AS MUCH WITH HER DAINTY LINGERIE AS WITH HER VOLUPTUOUS, STATUESQUE BEAUTY.

THERESE WITHDREW, ALLOWING HER WORDS TO HANG IN THE AIR, AND WENT BACK TO HER OWN ROOM, WHERE SHE TREATED ME TO A TANTALIZING DISPLAY OF HER LOVELINESS.



THE NEXT EVENING, AFTER ATTENDING A CINEMA, I RETURNED TO MY ROOM, AND I SAW A LIGHT IN THERESE'S ROOM, ALTHOUGH SHE WAS APPARENTLY ABSENT.

ON HER BED LAY A DISPLAY OF VARIOUS PIECES OF LINGERIE — A CHEMISE WHICH WAS LAVISH WITH LACE, A PAIR OF LACY BIKINI PANTIES, A FILMY BRASSIERE, A LACE-UP CORSET, SLEEK NYLON HOSE, AND, ON THE FLOOR, A PAIR OF BLACK PATENT-LEATHER SHOES WITH EXTREMELY HIGH HEELS — LOVELIES SUCH AS I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

I COULD NOT RESIST THE URGE TO TRY THESE DELIGHTFUL WISPS OF LINGERIE ON MYSELF, ESPECIALLY IN LIGHT OF THERESE'S COMMENTS OF THE EVENING BEFORE.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I DISCARDED MY MALE CLOTHING AND EXPERIENCED THE DELIGHTS OF CROSS-DRESSING. I PUT THE LACY CHEMISE ON MY TOTALLY NUDE BODY; CLASPED THE SHORT CORSETS AROUND MY WAIST, DRAWING THEM IN SEVERELY WITH THE LONG LACES; SLIPPED INTO THE SLINKY NYLONS AND GARTERED THEM TAUT TO THE BERIBBONED SUSPENDERS WHICH SEDUCTIVELY DANGLED FROM THE CORSET; SLITHERED THE BIKINI PANTIES INTO PLACE TO COVER MY SHOCKINGLY RAMPANT SEX SYMBOL.

FINALLY, AFTER SLIPPING INTO THE HIGH-HEELED SHOES AND TEETERING ON THEM ALARMINGLY, I FELT THAT I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING. BUT OF COURSE, THE LACY BRASSIERE.

I SLIPPED DOWN THE SHOULDER STRAPS OF MY LOVELY CHEMISE AND WRIGGLED INTO THE BRASSIERE, WHICH WAS AMPLY PADDED TO SIMULATE A FEMININE BOSOM. I WAS READJUSTING THE SHOULDER STRAPS OF THE CHEMISE WHEN I CAUGHT SIGHT OF MY REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR. I WAS STUNNED! I REALLY DID LOOK LIKE A GIRL, AT LEAST FROM THE NECK DOWN.

A WAVE OF WELL-BEING SWEEPED OVER ME. THE FEELING OF COMFORTABLE LINGERIE ON MY BODY AND THE CONSTRICTION OF CORSETTING AND THE TUG OF MY NYLONS AGAINST THE FRILLY SUSPENDERS MADE ME SOMEHOW VERY HAPPY. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I WISHED I WAS REALLY A GIRL.

AS I PRIMPED AND PREENED BEFORE THE LONG MIRROR, I HEARD A VOICE FROM THE DOOR OF THE ROOM.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SWEET BOY?" MY AUNT SAID IN HER DULCET TONES.

IT WAS THERESE'S SWEET SMILE WHICH SUGGESTED TO ME THAT I WAS NOT IN SERIOUS TROUBLE, THAT, IN FACT, THE CLOTHING THAT I WAS REVELLING IN AT THIS MOMENT WAS DELIBERATELY LEFT OUT AS BAIT.

"I ... ER ... THAT IS ..." I STAMMERED.

"IF ONLY YOUR DEAR MOTHER COULD SEE YOU NOW!" THERESE ENTHUSED. "YOU ARE SUCH A GORGEOUS GIRL, DARLING! HAS THERESE FOUND A WAY TO MAKE YOU HAPPY?"

I NODDED AND BLUSHED FURIOUSLY, IN SPIITE OF MY EFFORTS NOT TO.

"AUNTIE IS GOING TO SHARE EVERYTHING WITH HER PRETTY LITTLE NIECE," SHE SAID. "NO MORE BLUSHING NOW, FOR WHAT HAPPENS BETWEEN US IS BETWEEN TWO WOMEN!"

AS IF TO REINFORCE HER PROMISE, SHE SAT ME DOWN AT HER VANITY TABLE, MADE UP MY FACE TO PERFECTION, AND PLACED ONE OF HER BEAUTIFUL BLONDE WIGS ON MY HEAD.

THE ILLUSION WAS COMPLETE NOW, AND I FOUND MYSELF FALLING IN LOVE WITH THE BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION OF MYSELF. IT WAS A TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE.

"I AM VERY TIRED," THERESE SIGNED.
"I HAD A STRENUOUS DAY AT THE OFFICE, MY
DARLING. ... HERE, YOU MAY HELP ME WITH
MY DRESS."

EAGERLY I UNBUTTONED HER FROCK AT
THE BACK AND HELPED HER SLIP OUT OF IT.
SHE WAS WEARING ONLY THE BRIEFEST OF
BRASSIERES AND THE TINIEST OF PANTIES.
AT HER BIDDING, I UNDOED THE BRASSIERE
WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, AND SHE TURNED
AROUND TO FACE ME, HER VELVETY LARGE
BREASTS DELIGHTING MY GAZE. SHE PLACED
MY HANDS ON THEM MOMENTARILY THEN BADE
ME TO REMOVE HER PANTIES.

I TUGGED THE FRAGILE GARMENT DOWN,
FEASTING MY EYES ON HER NAKED BEAUTY.
MY PULSING MALE ORGAN, NESTLED SAUCILY
IN THE 'LACE OF MY PANTIES, YEARNED TO
BURY ITSELF INTO HER WARM, MOIST CAVE.

"I SHALL NOW TAKE MY BATH," THERESE
DECIDED, "AND MY LITTLE NIECE WILL HELP
ME AND RUB MY BACK."

I FOLLOWED HER INTO THE BATHROOM
EAGERLY, MARVELLING AT HER BEAUTY AS
IT PROMENADED BEFORE MY EAGER EYES.

SHE DREW A TUBFULL OF HOT BUBBLY WATER AND SETTLED IN. SHE ENCOURAGED ME TO BATHE HER COMPLETE AND DIDN'T ALLOW ME TO OMIT A NOOK, CRANNY, OR CREVICE OF HER MAGNIFICENT BODY.

"AHHH!" THERESE SIGNED, THRILLING TO MY TOUCH, "THAT'S BETTER. HOW RELAXING! MY LITTLE NIECE SHALL BE REWARDED!"

I RINSED HER OFF AND TOWELLED HER DRY AND POWDERED HER IVORY FLESH, THEN SHE TOOK MY HAND AND LED ME BACK INTO HER BOUDOIR.

"AS YOUR REWARD," THERESE SAID, LYING BACK ON HER HUGE BED, "COME INTO MY ARMS AND GIVE ME A BIG KISS."

WE LAY THERE FACE TO FACE, HER RASPBERRY TIPPED BREASTS PRESSED AGAINST MY FALSE ONES, KISSING LONG AND PASSIONATELY.

"PRAY, STAY WITH ME," SHE SIGNED, "AND REST YOUR GIRL'S HEAD ON THERESE'S BOSOM. YOU WILL NEED MY MOTHERLY PROTECTION AND HELP IN YOUR NEW LIFE."

THERESE REACHED DOWN AND TUGGED MY BIKINI PANTIES DOWN, FREEING MY FRANTIC



SWOLLEN PENIS FROM ITS SILKEN PRISON. I GASPED AS SHE GUIDED INSIDE HER WARM WET BOWER AND CRIED OUT IN COMPLETE ABANDON AS HER MARVELOUS INTERNAL MUSCLES GRIPPED THE HARD SHAFT AND TITILLATED IT.

I WAS AFRAID TO GIVE FULL VENT TO MY PASSIONS, EVEN THEN, UNTIL SHE WHISPERED THAT I SHOULD NOT BE AFRAID. "OF COURSE, I AM ON THE PILL," SHE SAID, "OR I WOULD NOT HAVE ALLOWED THINGS TO PROGRESS THIS FAR."

I THEN THREW MYSELF INTO MY TASK WITH TOTAL FREEDOM. I COULD FEEL HER WRITHING BENEATH ME, HER FINGERS CLUTCHING AT THE LACE HEM OF MY CHEMISE AS SHE URGED ME ONWARD AND UPWARD.

I COULD FEEL HER CONTRACTING NOW IN THE THROES OF HER ORGASM AND MY OWN SPURTING ECSTASY ENSUED, SHOOTING WHAT SEEMED A GALLON OF HOT SEED INTO HER WAITING WOMB.

AFTERWARD, WE SLEPT IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, THERESE IN HER BABY DOLL PAJAMAS AND I IN ONE OF HER FRILLIEST NIGHTIES. I WAS NEVER SO HAPPY IN MY LIFE OR SO GRATEFUL. FOR I OWED THERESE MY FIRST CROSS-DRESSING EXPERIENCE — THE FIRST OF MANY SUCH.

THE ENSUING WEEKS WERE A MIASMA OF DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCES. THERESE WOULD COME HOME EVENINGS AND ALMOST ALWAYS I WOULD BE WAITING FOR HER DRESSED IN FEMININE FINERY.

"FIFI!" SHE WOULD SAY TO ME. "I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU, A DELIGHTFUL PAIR OF PANTIES TO TRY ON."

SHE WOULD KNEEL DOWN AND PUT THEM ON ME WITH LITTLE KISSES ON MY BURNING FLESH.

"I SEE YOU ARE WEARING THE FRENCH MAID'S COSTUME I LEFT ON THE CHAIR THIS MORNING! YOU ARE SO CUTE. LET ME STRAIGHTEN THE SEAMS OF YOUR STOCKINGS! ... NOW, HURRY, SERVE ME MY SUPPER AND THEN HELP ME CHANGE INTO MORE COMFORTABLE ATTIRE SO I CAN CONTINUE WITH YOUR LOVE LESSONS!"

"OH, THÉRÈSE," I WOULD SAY. "THANK YOU, THANK YOU. ... YOU WILL NOT TELL MOTHER ABOUT THIS, WILL YOU?" I INQUIRED.

"OF COURSE NOT, FIFI, MY SWEET GIRL!" SHE WOULD ANSWER. "THIS WILL BE OUR LITTLE SECRET JUST SO LONG AS WILL LOVE AND TRUST AND OBEY YOUR AUNT THÉRÈSE IN ALL HER LITTLE WHIMS AND FANCIES."

"I WILL BE YOUR SLAVE, DARLING," I WOULD PROMISE. "DEAR ... DEAREST AUNTIE! I WILL ALWAYS OBEY YOU. OH, THIS IS SHEER HEAVEN!"

AND I WOULD LIE BACK ON HER LOVELY BED AND ALLOW HER TO RAVISH ME WITH HER RED LIPS WHICH OFTEN FOUND THEIR WAY TO MY TURGID SYMBOL, WHICH SHE CONSIDERED HER PERSONAL PROPERTY.

"YOU SEEM TO BE SO HAPPY, FIFT DEAR," THÉRÈSE SAID ONE DAY. "REMINDE AUNTIE TO PUT A SELECTION OF LINGERIE IN YOUR VALISE WHEN PACKING YOU UP TO LEAVE IN SEPTEMBER."

I SUFFERED TERRIBLY BACK IN COLLEGE THAT FALL TERM. ONLY THE FACT THAT I COULD SECRETE MYSELF IN MY ROOM AND DRESS UP IN THE GENEROUS SELECTION OF DAINTY CLOTHES THAT THÉRÈSE HAD BESTOWED ON ME MADE LIFE AT ALL BEARABLE, AND I MISSED THÉRÈSE DESPERATELY.

IN EARLY DECEMBER, I RECEIVED A NOTE IN THE MAIL FROM MY AUNT. IT READ:

"DEAR ROGER: AUNT THÉRÈSE IS LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY. SHE HAS MANY SURPRISES TO REVEAL TO YOU.

"WORK HARD AND EARN THE REWARD YOUR LOVING AUNT IS PREPARING FOR YOU. YOURS AFFECTIONATELY, THERESE."

THERE WAS A POST SCRIPT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE:

"I HAVE DISCOVERED IN AN OLD TRUNK YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S VICTORIAN WARDROBE — I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS."

I WILL WRITE AGAIN SOMETIME SOON AND LET YOUR READERS KNOW WHAT HAPPENED ON MY NEXT VISIT TO THE FABULOUS THERESE!

— R.L.S., TORONTO

88

DEAR EDITOR:

BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ME TWO YEARS AGO, I HAVE BECOME FASCINATED WITH TRANSVESTISM AND SIMILAR FETISHES. YOUR PUBLICATIONS COVER THE FIELD BETTER THAN MOST I HAVE SEEN, SO I AM WRITING TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE CRAZY EXPERIENCE WHICH LED ME TO ADOPT THE LIFE OF A TRANSVESTITE. YOUR READERS MIGHT FIND IT AMUSING AND POSSIBLY EVEN INSTRUCTIVE.

A LOT OF THE MEN WHO BECOME INVOLVED IN WEARING FEMALE CLOTHING SEEM TO HAVE STARTED AS A RESULT OF BEING FORCED INTO IT IN SOME WAY. MAYBE THEIR MOTHERS USED PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ON THEM, OR PERHAPS A GIRLFRIEND STARTED IT AS A PENALTY OF SOME KIND. OR MAYBE IT ALL STARTED AT A COSTUME PARTY, WHERE THE MAN WAS PERSUADED TO ATTEND AS A GIRL AND DISCOVER THAT HE LIKED THE SENSATION OF SLEEK LACY CLOTHES.

BUT I'LL BET I AM THE ONLY MAN WHO WAS EVER DRAGGED INTO TRANSVESTISM BY A BUNCH OF KIDS!

I AM UNMARRIED AND LIVE AT HOME WITH MY PARENTS AND MY SISTER KATHY. KATHY IS FIVE YEARS YOUNGER THAN I AM, AND AT THE TIME OF MY INITIATION SHE WAS FIFTEEN AND I WAS TWENTY. WE FEAUDED AND COMPETED AND DISAGREED ON EVERYTHING ALL OUR LIVES, ALTHOUGH WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, WE LOVED EACH OTHER GREATLY. NOW THAT SHE WAS IN HER TEENS, SHE DELIGHTED IN GIVING ME A ROUGH TIME ANY CHANCE THAT SHE GOT.

ON THE DAY WHICH STARTED THE BIG REVOLUTION IN MY LIFE, I FINISHED WORK EARLIER THAN USUAL AND GOT HOME AT THREE O'CLOCK RATHER THAN FIVE-THIRTY. AS I LET



MYSELF INTO THE HOUSE, I HEARD THE GIDDY CHATTER AND GIGGLING OF KATHY AND SOME OF HER TEENAGED FRIENDS UPSTAIRS IN HER ROOM. DAD AND MOTHER WERE AWAY FOR A WEEK, AND I QUIETLY WENT UP TO MY ROOM, HOPING I WOULD NOT BE HEARD AND HAVE TO GET MIXED UP WITH KATHY AND HER GIRLFRIENDS. I FLOPPED DOWN ON MY BED TO REST.

I WASN'T CONSCIOUSLY EAVESDROPPING ON THE GIRLS IN THE NEXT ROOM, BUT THEY HAD NO IDEA THAT ANYONE ELSE WAS IN THE HOUSE, SO THEY WERE MAKING NO EFFORT TO KEEP THEIR EXCITED VOICES DOWN. THEY WERE DISCUSSING THE BOYS THEY KNEW, AND WHO LIKED WHO, AND WHO HAD DONE WHAT WITH WHOM BEHIND THE GYM AT THE LAST DANCE. I BECAME MORE AND MORE FASCINATED AS THEIR TALK BECAME MORE AND MORE DETAILED AND SEXUALLY ORIENTED.

I COULDN'T HEAR EVERYTHING THEY WERE SAYING, SO I SOON CREPT OUT INTO THE HALL AND LISTENED WITH MY EAR TO KATHY'S DOOR. I WAS REALLY GETTING THE INTIMATE LOWDOWN ON WHAT HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS WERE INTERESTED IN, AND IT NEARLY MADE MY HAIR STAND ON END.

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENED, AND THERE I WAS, CAUGHT IN THE ACT, AND I WAS SUD-

DENLY SNOWED UNDER IN AN AVALANCHE OF AD-
LESCENT FEMININITY. I DIDN'T DARE FIGHT
BACK FOR FEAR OF HURTING ONE OF THE LITTLE
DARLINGS, AND SOON THEY HAD ME PRISONER AND
DRAGGED ME BACK INTO MY SISTER'S ROOM.

THEY HAD ME IN THEIR POWER AND WERE
ALL RAGING FOR REVENGE. MY LOVELY DEAR
SISTER HAD THE BEST IDEA, ALL AGREED, AND
THAT WAS THAT IF I WAS INTERESTED IN GIRL-
ISH GOSSIP, I MUST BE A GIRL AT HEART AND
THUS THEY WOULD TURN ME INTO A GIRL, AT
LEAST AS FAR AS OUTWARD APPEARANCE WAS
CONCERNED.

A COUPLE OF THE GIRLS DASHED OFF TO
THEIR HOMES TO GET NECESSARY SUPPLIES AND
WERE BACK IN TIME FOR THE REAL FUN OF SUB-
JUGATING ME TO THEIR STRANGE SCHEME. I WAS
QUICKLY STRIPPED TO MY BRIEF UNDERSHORTS,
AND I WAS HELPLESS. AT KATHY'S ORDERS, I
WAS EVEN STRIPPED OF THAT SHRED OF MODESTY.

THEY PUT ME INTO A VERY TIGHT PANTY-
GIRDLE, WHICH SEEMED TOO SMALL TO ENCOM-
PASS MY HIPS, BUT WITH A DOZEN VINDICTIVE
HANDS TUGGING ON IT, IT WAS FINNALLY UP IN
PLACE, AND YOU CAN GUESS HOW UNCOMFORTABLE
IT WAS, COMPRESSING MY LOINS.

THEN THEY GOT A BRASSIERE FROM ONE OF THE BIGGER GIRLS AND SNAPPED IT TIGHTLY AROUND MY CHEST. THEY TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN STUFFING THE CUPS OF THE BRA WITH COTTON SOCKS UNTIL THE BUST EFFECT WAS JUST RIGHT. NYLON STOCKINGS WERE ROLLED UP MY LEGS AND TIGHTLY GARTERED TO THE SUSPENDER TABS OF THE PANTY GIRDLE. THE LARGEST GIRL'S HIGH-HEELED PUMPS WERE JAMMED ONTO MY FEET, AND I WAS FORCED TO STAND IN MISERY WITH CRAMPED TOES AND SHAKY ANKLES. A VERY LACY SLIP WAS TUGGED OVER MY HEAD.

THE MATTER OF OUTER CLOTHING NOW CAME UP AND CAUSED SOME DISCUSSION. A SKIRT AND SWEATER WAS OBTAINED FROM THE LARGE GIRL AND THEY SOON CLUNG TO ME LIKE A SECOND SKIN, THE SWEATER BULGING OUT OVER MY ER-SATZ BREASTS, THE SKIRT EXTREMELY TIGHT AROUND MY WAIST AND OVER MY HIPS.

THEY HAD ME STAND IN FRONT OF KATHY'S FULL-LENGTH MIRROR TO SEE WHAT THEY HAD DONE TO ME. I WAS SHOCKED BY MY APPEARANCE, MADE EVEN MORE GIRLISH AFTER THEY PUT ONE OF HER WIGS ON MY HEAD AND MADE UP MY FACE. I PARADED AROUND FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT, AND THE STILTED, HIP-SWINGING GAIT FORCED ON ME BY THE HIGH-HEELS AND TIGHT CLOTHES WAS ALARMINGLY FEMININE.

FINALLY IT WAS TIME FOR DINNER AND MY TORMENTORS DISBANDED TO THEIR HOMES. KATHY HELPED ME OUT OF MY EMBARRASSING CLOTHES AND THE MAKEUP AND WIG, AND I WAS FINALLY ALLOWED TO DON MY REGULAR MALE CLOTHING.

LATER IN THE EVENING, KATHY TOLD ME THAT I HAD BETTER ARRANGE TO BE HOME EARLY THE NEXT AFTERNOON SO THAT HER GIRLFRIENDS AND SHE COULD PLAY WITH ME AGAIN. I PROTESTED, AND THEN SHE SHOWED ME SOME VERY EMBARRASSING POLAROID SNAPSHOTS ONE OF THE GIRLS HAD TAKEN OF ME IN FEMININE CLOTHES WITHOUT MY KNOWING IT.

WITH THOSE AWFUL PHOTOS AS A MEANS OF BLACKMAILING ME INTO DOING THEIR BIDDING, I DARED NOT DISOBEY OR REBEL. SO I BECAME A LARGE ANIMATED DOLL FOR THOSE KIDS TO PLAY WITH AND DRESS UP IN MORE AND MORE BIZARRE FEMALE CLOTHES. EACH SESSION FOUND ME LESS RESENTFUL OF THE PROCEDURES, FOR I SECRETLY BEGAN ENJOYING THE STRINGENT COMPRESSION OF MY BODY, THE SMOOTH, SLEEK FEEL OF SENSUOUS FABRICS, AND THE EXOTIC TRANSFORMATION OF MY BODY. BY THE TIME THEY TIRED OF THE GAME, I HAD BECOME A FERVENT TRANSVESTITE, HOOKED FOR ALL TIME.

SECRETLY I BEGAN TO ACCUMULATE MY OWN FEMININE WARDROBE, PIECE BY PIECE, UNTIL I HAD A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF MY OWN. I FINALLY MOVED INTO AN APARTMENT OF MY OWN, WHERE I CAN MORE EASILY CATER TO MY TASTE FOR DAINTY AND EXOTIC GARMENTS.

KATHY KNOWS ALL ABOUT MY TRANSVESTISM AND NOWAFAYS SHE COMES TO VISIT ME A COUPLE OF TIMES A WEEK TO HELP ME DRESS AND MAKE SUGGESTIONS ON IMPROVING MY APPEARANCE AND MY EXCITING DISGUISES. SHE AND I HAVE EVEN GONE OUT TOGETHER IN PUBLIC AS TWO GIRLS, AND EVERYONE ASSUMED WE ARE SISTERS OR GIRLFRIENDS.

SO THAT'S MY STORY. A BUNCH OF KIDS GOT ME STARTED ON TRANSVESTISM, BUT NOT I DO IT BECAUSE I LOVE IT.

— R.M.N., CHICAGO

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DEAR EDITOR:

FROM READING SEVERAL OF YOUR PUBLICATIONS, I GET THE IMPRESSION THAT QUITE A FEW MEN ENJOY DRESSING UP IN FEMININE



CLOTHING. I HADN'T REALIZED BEFORE THAT THERE WERE ENOUGH PEOPLE WITH THIS ODD HOBBY TO CONSTITUTE A READERSHIP FOR SUCH PUBLICATIONS, BUT I GUESS I WAS WRONG. MY ONLY EXPERIENCE WITH TRANSVESTISM HAS BEEN FROM THE GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW, AND I THOUGHT THAT MY PROBLEM WOULD BE UNIQUE ENOUGH TO INTEREST YOUR READERS.

I THINK I'M A FAIRLY AVERAGE GIRL OF TWENTY-TWO, AND I'VE BEEN MARRIED ABOUT A YEAR. WE MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT IN EVERY WAY, IF YOU GET MY MEANING, BUT RIGHT AFTER WE WERE MARRIED I NOTICED SOME STRANGE THINGS. HE WOULD BUY ME VERY GLAMOROUS AND BIZARRE ITEMS OF FEMININE APPAREL — LINGERIE AND DRESSES AND THE LIKE — BUT FOR SOME REASON THEY WERE ALWAYS TOO BIG FOR ME. NOW I FIGURED HE OUGHT TO KNOW SUCH THINGS AS MY DRESS SIZE, AND I WAS PUZZLED BY THE MYSTERY UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN I CAME HOME AND FOUND HIM WEARING SOME OF THE THINGS WHICH I HAD ASSUMED HE HAD BOUGHT FOR ME. HE WAS ALL DOLLED UP IN SEDUCTIVE LINGERIE AND A SEXY SATIN COCKTAIL DRESS.

NATURALLY, I WAS SHOCKED AND THOUGHT HE WAS OFF HIS ROCKER IN SOME QUEER WAY. HE WAS EMBARRASSED AT BEING DISCOVERED, BUT HE EXPLAINED TO ME THAT HE GOT KICKS

OUT OF WEARING GIRL'S CLOTHING EVER SINCE HE WAS A YOUNG BOY. WELL, I STILL LOVED HIM AND FOUND THAT HIS WEARING FEMININE CLOTHING DIDN'T SEEM TO PREVENT HIM FROM BEING A MAN IN EVERY WAY I WANTED, SO I GOT OVER BEING UPSET ABOUT IT.

I STARTED TO HELP HIM GET ALL FIXED UP IN HIS EXOTIC DISGUISES AND READ ALL THOSE STORIES WITH HIM ABOUT THE ADVENTURES OF OTHERS LIKE HIM, SUCH AS APPEAR IN YOUR PUBLICATIONS. THEN HE SUGGESTED I MIGHT ENJOY DRESSING UP AS A MAN. I'D NEVER WANTED TO TURN MYSELF INTO A MAN BY WEARING MEN'S CLOTHES, BUT IF MY HUSBAND WANTED ME TO TRY IT, I WOULD. I LOOKED A LOT SILLIER IN MEN'S CLOTHES THAN HE DID IN WOMEN'S, SO I LET HIM BE THE CROSS-DRESSER IN THE FAMILY.

I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SHOW HIM THINGS HE WAS DOING WRONG AND HAVE HELPED IN BUYING GARMENTS THAT WOULD LOOK GOOD ON HIM. ON A FEW OCCASIONS, WE HAVE GONE OUT ON SHOPPING SPREES TOGETHER, WITH HIM DRESSED AS A GIRL, AND NOBODY HAS EVER SEEMED TO DOUBT THAT HE IS A GIRL AND IS EITHER MY SISTER OR MY GIRL-FRIEND. HE DOES LOOK A LOT LIKE A SEXY GIRL IN HIS FRILLIES.

THE ONLY TIMES NOW THAT I FEEL A BIT STRANGE ABOUT OUR ARRANGEMENT IS WHEN HE IS WEARING A FROTHY FEMININE NIGHTIE IN BED AND THEN WANTS TO MAKE LOVE TO ME. I CAN'T QUITE GET USED TO BEING KISSED BY WHAT APPEARS TO BE ANOTHER GIRL, BUT SOON WE GET TO THE STAGE WHERE THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION ABOUT WHETHER HE IS A MAN, AND THEN EVERYTHING IS FINE WITH ME. IN FACT, NOW THAT I LET HIM DRESS THE WAY HE LIKES, HE IS MORE OF A MAN IN THE SEX ACT THAN EVER.

THE POINT OF MY WRITING IS TO PUT TO REST THE IDEA THAT ALL TRANSVESTITES ARE BASICALLY FEMININE AND NOT REAL MEN IN ALL IMPORTANT ASPECTS.

I CAN ASSURE THEM FROM MY OWN PERSONAL AND INTIMATE EXPERIENCES, THAT A MAN WHO GETS THRILLS OUT OF WEARY DAINTY CLOTHING CAN ALSO BE VERY VIRILE AND MASCULINE WHERE IT COUNTS IN A MARRIAGE.

AND I WOULDN'T TRADE ME HUSBAND IN FOR THE HAIRIEST-CHESTED HE-MAN EVER!

— MRS. T.S.M., SALT LAKE CITY

DEAR EDITOR:

I AM A HIGH SCHOOL BOY, AGED SIXTEEN, AND I GUESS I HAVE BEEN WHAT YOUR PUBLICATIONS CALL A TRANSVESTITE ALL MY LIFE. OR AT LEAST AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER. I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN YOUR MAGAZINES AND BOOKLETS, BUT I HAVE AN OLDER FRIEND WHO IS IN HIS TWENTIES AND WHO IS AWARE OF MY PROBLEM BUY THEM FOR ME.

WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE KID, MY MOM ENCOURAGED ME TO DRESS UP IN PRETTY DUDS SHE WOULD BUY FOR ME AND THEN TAKE ME OUT IN FRILLY DRESSES AND MY LONG CURLS AND PARADE ME AROUND AS HER DAUGHTER. IT WAS LOTS OF FUN, EVEN THEN, AND NOW THAT I AM OLDER AND HAVE LEARNED ABOUT SEX, IT HAS BECOME EVEN MORE FUN.

MY MOTHER DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND IF I DRESS UP AROUND HOME. MY FATHER DIED SOME YEARS AGO, SO HE'S NOT AROUND TO OBJECT. I ESPECIALLY LOVE TO WEAR CUTE MINIDRESSES OVER BRIEF CHEMISE SLIPS AND LACY PANTIES AND A BRASSIERE WITH FOAM PADDING. I HAVE MY OWN WIG AND MOM HELPS ME WITH MY MAKEUP. WHEN I'M DRESSED, I LOOK SENSATIONAL, FOR I AM SMALL OF BUILD AND HAVE GOOD LEGS.

MOM WON'T ALLOW ME TO GO OUT ALONE ON THE STREETS FOR FEAR THAT SOMETHING UNPLEASANT WILL HAPPEN TO ME — LIKE BEING ARRESTED OR PICKED UP BY A RAPIST OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

BUT WE DO GO EVERYWHERE TOGETHER — MOVIES, DINNERS-OUT, SHOPPING AT GIRL'S BOUTIQUES, THE WHOLE THING. IT'S A LOT OF FUN, BUT MOM IS GETTING TO BE A PROBLEM.

I DO LIKE GIRLS AND WANT TO GO OUT WITH THEM. SOMEDAY I HOPE TO FIND ONE WHO LIKES ME DRESSED UP AS A GIRL AS WELL AS A BOY, AND WHEN I DO, I'D WANT TO MARRY HER. BUT MOM IS DEAD-SET AGAINST MY GOING OUT WITH GIRLS. SHE SAYS IT IS BECAUSE I'M TOO YOUNG, BUT I KNOW THAT SHE THINKS OF ME AS HER LITTLE GIRL AND FINDS THE THOUGHT OF MY BEING WITH A GIRL DISTASTEFUL.

WORSE THAN THAT, SHE HAS LATELY BEEN URGING ME TO CONSIDER CHANGING MY SEX. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO CHANGE SEX, BUT MOM READ A BOOK WHICH DESCRIBED THE PROCESS OF HORMONES AND SOME HORRIBLE SURGERY THAT, FOR ME, WOULD TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF LIFE.

I DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT MOM, BUT I WILL DIE BEFORE I GO THROUGH ANY KIND OF SEX-CHANGE OPERATION. THERE'S NO WAY THAT I CAN SEE THAT MOM CAN FORCE ME TO DO IT, BUT THE PRESSURE ON ME IS GREAT.

HOW CAN I EXPLAIN TO HER THAT I GET A LOT OF FUN, SEXUALLY AND OTHERWISE, OUT OF DRESSING UP IN FRILLY PANTIES AND LINGERIE AND CUTE FROCKS, THAT I LOVE PASSING IN PUBLIC AS A GIRL, BUT THAT I WANT THINGS TO STAY THE WAY THEY ARE?

I LOVE MY MOTHER AND DON'T WANT TO HURT HER FEELINGS, AND I DON'T WANT TO SHOCK HER BY EXPLAINING HOW MUCH SEXUAL SATISFACTION I GET OUT OF DRESSING UP AND PLAYING WITH MY MALE ORGAN IN FRONT OF A MIRROR. BUT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO PERSUADE HER I WANT TO REMAIN A BOY.

CAN ANY OF YOUR READERS HELP ME?

— J.E.C., DES MOINES

□□ THE END □□

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